

Good, led the meeting. It was the best one we had for some time. He sent out letters with questions and references and we were to come prepared to answer them. This seems a good way to get the young people interested.

Miss Emma Puterbaugh is our president and a better one could not be found. The Lanark King's Children owe a great deal of their progress to her.

DELTA ROWLAND.

A HOME FOR CHRIST IN THE HEART

THEODORE L. CUYLER

It is a unique but glorious truth that the Lord Jesus Christ has an actual home in the hearts of his faithful people. No false religion hints at any such idea. A great mystery it is indeed; but so are human life and the eternity of God and the incarnation of the Christ profound mysteries, yet we accept them. Our Bible tells us that God dwelleth with him that is of an humble spirit—that the Spirit of God dwelleth in us, and that Christ in us is our hope of glory. A wonderful promise did our Master leave behind him that if we love him and keep his words, he will come and make his abode with us.

Now, this is either a literal fact, or it is mere pious poetry. Our Lord made a distinct and point-blank statement about his indwelling in certain hearts as he did of the existence of a "Father's house with many abiding places" (as the New Revision renders it). Christ "dwells in our hearts thru faith." This word "dwell" must not be diluted into the metaphoric idea of a mere influence, such as John Wesley still exerts upon Methodism, or Mohammed upon the votaries of Islam. Jesus Christ as veritably resides in your heart, my brother, if you are a true disciple, as you reside in your own house. Such is the prayer you breathe every time you sing understandingly:

"Not a brief glance I beg—a passing word,
But as Thou dwellest with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, patient, condescending, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me."

(1.) How does Christ get admission into a heart? Paul answers the question—"thru faith." That is the aperture; and, however slightly the door may be opened, Christ can enter, even as an installment of rays from the noonday sun enter thru a hole in the window shutter into an apartment. The Saviour will not enter our hearts unless there first be a dissatisfaction with our evil condition, a sincere desire after him, and a yielding to his claims. These are essential to a practical faith. When we yield to Christ on a single point, when for his sake we refuse a single sin or attempt honestly a single duty, it is opening a crevice for him, or a setting of the door ajar. But we must not stop with that partial admission. I once watched a lake steamer as it entered the locks on the Sault St. Marie ship canal. A few small streams of water trickled thru the gates into the lock, but did not move the vessel very preceptibly; as soon as the gates were swung

open, the waters poured in and the steamer speedily rose to the higher level, and floated off into Lake Superior. So, brethren, if we swing wide our heart door, and give Jesus an abundant admission, we soon rise into a higher life, and begin to be "filled unto the fullness of God." The first move toward a Christian life is the opening of the heart to the knocking Saviour; the degree of our holiness depends upon the degree "to which we give him welcome house-room."

(2.) What will Christ bring with him? He brings a pardon for sin in his loving hand, and the peace which belongs to a right relation with God. He brings purification; it is folly to waste a life time in trying to cleanse our hearts, when nothing but his omnipotent grace can do it. He brings in heavenly light; just as the face of the infant Jesus in Corregio's picture "La Notte," at Dresden, illuminates the whole stable of Bethlehem and the faces of the shepherds, so are our hearts made light by his radiant presence. He brings the power of a new affection, and a new inspiration. How warm the soul becomes when he enters it, bringing his own fire with him! What joy there is in his sweet society and fellowship! Some fertilizing guests, who visit our houses for a single evening leave a benediction in our memories; but if we let our Master sit at our table and converse with us we shall steadily become more like him. His presence gives us our only sure protection from assaulting temptations; the reason why so many church members yield to outside temptations and collapse is that they are not reinforced with the power of an indwelling Christ. Poverty may put a rag-carpet on our floors, and death may hang crape at our door bells, but no irreparable loss can ever befall a true Christian as long as Christ Jesus lives in his heart-house. He giveth songs in the darkest night.

(3.) If Jesus actually lives with you, other people will be sure to discover the fact. When he went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon he "could not be hid." If you travel thru a certain district in Southern France in lavender time, you are sure to know that it is a lavender country by the sweet fragrance in the air. Christ is always self revealing. No genuine Christian will ever desire to conceal him; he could not even if he would. Many absurd things have been written about "secret hopes" etc.; but, my friend, if nobody in this world, not even your most intimate friend, suspects that you are a Christian, I do not believe that you are one. If there is any fire in a stove, a touch will show it. Here then is an infallible test. Do I feel and recognize that Christ is in my heart, controlling my conduct, quickening my conscience, and helping me every day to resist evil and do right? Then he is there; but if no such internal evidence exist, then Christ has never been there, or has gone away.

(4.) For the question whether the Master will always stay with us, depends largely upon ourselves. Self will and pride may drive him out, for he promises to dwell only with

them who are of an humble and contrite spirit. Neglect may provoke him to depart—and so may a persistent disobedience to his commandments. Dr. Maclaren beautifully remarks that "the sweet song-birds and the honey bees are said always to desert a neighborhood before a pestilence breaks out in it." So the ineffably holy Saviour will not dwell with evil, and we may so poison the heart-atmosphere with indulged sin, that he will not stay in it. Free-agency does not cease after conversion; if Christ enters our hearts thru faith, he must be kept there by faith. Oh, what wondrous condescension that the Lord of glory will consent to occupy such a hut as my poor heart; yet he is kindly saying to me: "Give me room in this thy heart, and I will give thee a place in my Heaven!"

A practical thought not to be lost sight of is that if Jesus dwell in our hearts we should be carrying him with us. "Let your light so shine before men" that they may recognize that Jesus is within you. Show your Christ-like kindnesses to people while they are living, and do not take it out in heaping flowers on their coffins. I have sometimes thought when I looked at such posthumous displays, if these poor, silent lips could speak they would wish that a few more flowers of love had sweetened their hard, weary lives! Carry Christ with you to your unconverted friends. If you win their respect for you and get a hold on them, you can talk to them about their souls; tell them what Christ has done for you, and, as it were, add your knock to his knock at their heart's door. Reverently be it said, the Christ in you will appeal to them thru you. Just here lies the only real power of which any Christian has with the sinning and the suffering around him. As for such of my readers as have never had this glorious Son of God living in their hearts, it is because you do not want him there. He will be in the way of your favorite sins. Beware, my friend! Christ gives last knocks; and if you bolt him out of your heart, he will shut you out of his Heaven.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Christian Life

My Saviour's Hand

KATHARINE E. PURVIS

That tender hand—in dark Gethsemane
Raised in prayer, "Thy will, not mine, be done!"—
Was torn and bleeding in the agony
Thru which my guilty soul salvation won.

That chastening hand sometimes doth sorely rest
Upon me while the storms of sorrow fall,
Yet draws me till I lean upon His breast,
And find in Him my strength, my hope, my all.

That guiding hand leads me from day to day,
And smooths my path across earth's desert drear;
It holds me fast—my sure and only stay—
As life recedes and heaven's lights appear.

O loving hand, when shadows deepen fast,
And in the gloom I hear death's billows foam,
Draw me so near my eyes rest at the last
Upon the face of Him we bears me home!

—Christian Advocate.